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STRAY VERSES

BY GEO. BELL DOUGHTY.

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with every wish for
happiness from the
author

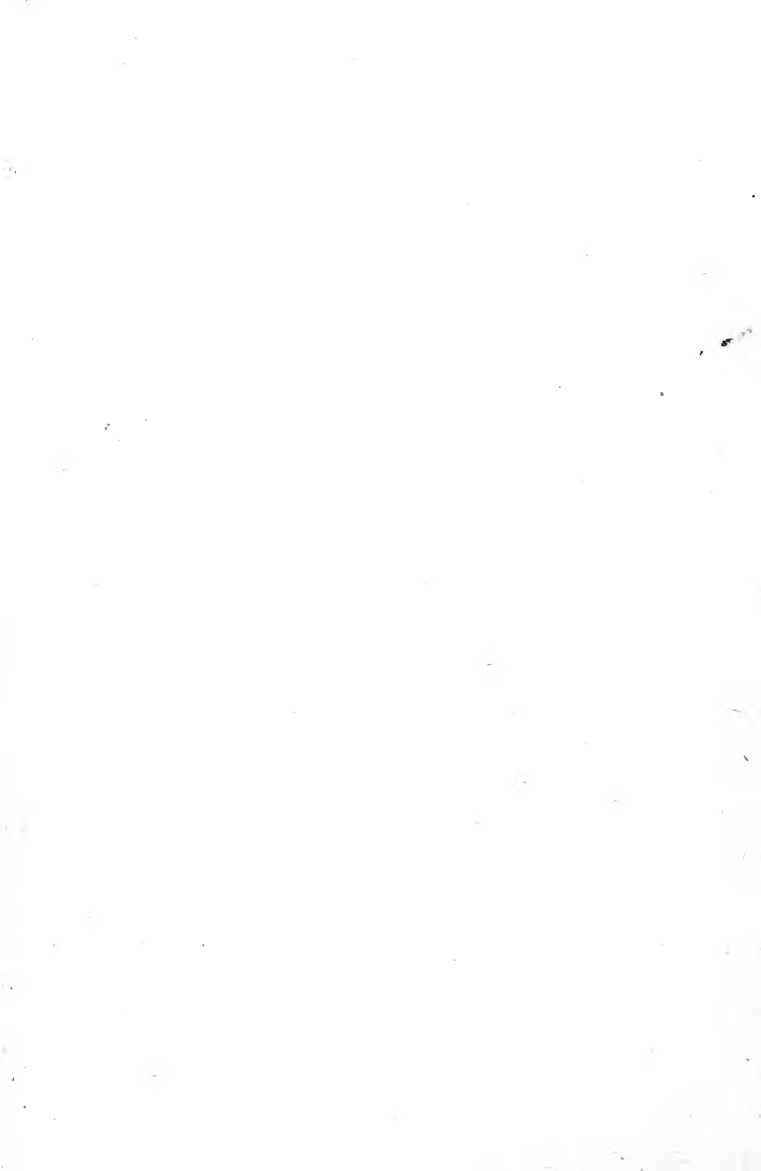
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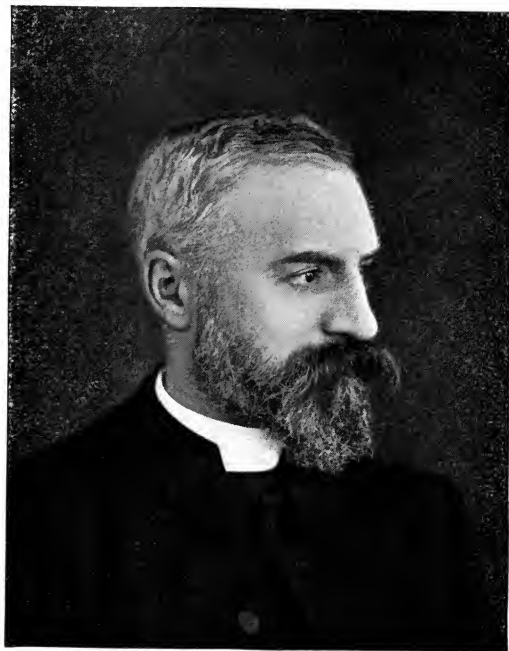
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Stray Verses.





STRAY VERSES

BY

GEORGE BELL DOUGHTY

RECTOR OF ST. PETER UPON CORNHILL.

Author of "St. Peter, and other Verses."

London

HORACE MARSHALL AND SON

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BARNICOTT AND PEARCE
PRINTERS

LOAN STACK

To my Wife
IN LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

B

J.

How can my fullest heart find utter-
ance meet

For all the debts as sacred, love, as
sweet

I owed and owe you? E'en my
fullest heart

Can only own of such sweet debts
a part.

All that were highest, meet for man
to seek,

All that were best to think, and true
to speak

You fain would teach me ever ;
when I failed

And my heart fell, your spirit sel-
dom quailed.

My sacred lamp of Duty burned
more clear

Because 'twas tended by a hand so
dear.

You showed how love-lit life—from
God deriv'n

Became like earth transfigured as by
Heaven ;

And just as wanderer, lost on sea or
land

Without or chart or compass to his
hand

May steer his earthly course when
clear the night,

Seeing aloft the constant polar light ;
So ever in distress or doubt or fear

My heart looked up in hope when
you were near,

Knowing that round my path there
shone above

The guarding guidance of your self-
less love.

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STRAY VERSES.

ADVENT.

I LONG to see the new-born day
arise

When sin shall be no more ;
When all men seek the mark of
Christ, the prize
That lies their path before ;

I long to see the day when from
each eye

The tear is wiped away ;
When guilt and pain and sorrow's
ceaseless cry
Shall end in endless day.

I long to see the time when doubt
shall cease,
Faith such as rocks remove,
When human hearts shall rest in
heavenly peace
And all in all be Love ;

I long to see Thy Kingdom, Christ,
begin
The Church adorned, Thy bride;
And Thou, of Thy Soul's sorrow
for our sin
At length be satisfied.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

LATE by dying ashes sitting—
Frosty air and frozen fen—
Clear I hear the Church bells
 ringing,
Christmas its old message bring-
 ing—
Mem'ries unto mem'ries fitting—
 'Peace on earth, goodwill to
 men.'

And my heart tho' sorrow-laden,
Rebel oft and oft beguiled
 Swells to hear the voices ringing
 ' Hark ! the herald angels sing-
 ing ' ;
 ' Jesus, born of lowly maiden ' ;
 ' Born for us a little child.'

Message to a world sin-dreary—
Disappointed, age-exiled—
He alone can banish sadness,
Christ alone can give us gladness,
Peace and rest unto the weary
By the faith as of a child.

Come then, Lord, when sin and sor-
row
Find me weak and earth defiled,
Lift me up to Thee in gladness
Scatter Thou my sins and sad-
ness
Come to my cleansed heart to-mor-
row
Once again a little Child!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE bells are ringing on Christmas
Morn :—

‘ Rejoice in the day when the Lord
is born,

Come, good people, to praise and
pray,

Echo the angels’ pæan and say
Jesus Christ is born to-day ! ’

Forth from the field, from the valley
and wold

Young men and maidens, feeble and
old

Over the snow to the old church
gray

To hear the old story of Christmas
Day

‘ Jesus Christ is born to-day ! ’

Tho' the limbs be weak and the hair
be white

There is strength and comfort and
hope and light :

For the Lord of men, in a wonderful
way,

To save the world, Sin's power to
stay,

Is born to-day, is born to-day !

Tho' feeble in faith and by sin defil'd
Come let us worship the Heavenly
Child ;

Let the child in our hearts arise as
we say :—

'We have come to the Manger to
own His sway

Who is born for us on Christmas
Day.'

THE LENTEN SHRINE

BY LIFE'S ROADSIDE.

O TIRÉD toiler in the restless city,
 O busy heaper of the sordid pile,
 Is life too full to show your life
 some pity?
 'Come thou apart with me and
 rest awhile.'

The world is full of harsh discord-
 ant noises,
 Of selfish cries and clamours of
 the vile ;
 Its market-places ring with strident
 voices,
 Then 'Come apart with me and
 rest awhile !'

Come from your lower selves, leave
lower pleasures,
Your world way stretches many a
weary mile,
Here is a wayside shrine for the
soul's leisure,
Hither come ye apart and rest
awhile !

Rest from the madness of the world's
excesses,
Rest from the sins so hardening
to the heart,
Rest from the weight that on the
spirit presses,
Rest in a shrine-like place with
Christ apart.

Calleth the Christ Voice to the
Earth-bound speaking
Claimeth a thought for Life that
is to be ;

Man lives not all by bread and by
bread-seeking,
‘Come ye apart’ it says, ‘and
rest with me !’

So year by year echoing her Mas-
ter’s teaching
Calleth the Church to children
sick with sin ;
The Saviour speaks, with arms to
you outreaching,
‘Behold My Lenten Rest and
enter in !’

‘Come to My quiet shrine for con-
templation,
The sacred silence where the soul
may see
The power of prayer and Love’s self-
abnegation,
Come ye apart awhile and rest
with Me !’

GOOD FRIDAY.

“ Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by ? ”

ON earth no greater pang the heart
can know

Than thanklessness for that heart's
self-denying :

There is no pain like to that passive
blow

That wounds, by reason of mere non-
replying ;

When for that love which love had
thought to waken

The worn heart wakes—to find it-
self forsaken ;

And if of all the anguish, sorrow,
pain

That hangs o'er earth like some dark
cloud low-lying

That human love that spends itself
in vain

Is found the darkest part, thro' man's
denying;

Think of that sinless One, when men
denied Him

Misdeemed His sacrifice, mocked,
crucified Him !

There ever stands a Calvary on life's
way

And on the Cross, a Form with
arms outreaching ;

And many pass it heedless by, nor stay
To think upon its silent pitiful
preaching :

It tells of love and life and human
healing,

One sinless sacrifice, God's love
revealing.

Yet doth *one* day each rounding year
afford

One sweet occasion of Christ's passion sharing ;
Can we not watch one hour beside our Lord,
For His dear sake a few brief moments sparing,
And by His glorious Passion pour our pride
Beneath the Cross on which our Saviour died ?

You who would shrine the sorrow of that day
On which a dear one died—his memory keeping,
Banishing trifles of the hour away
To linger in thought upon your loved one sleeping—
Can you do less for Him, Whose life-blood streaming
Poured from a broken heart a world's redeeming ?

EASTER.

*“ And they said, Who shall roll away the
stone from the door of the Sepulchre?
And when they looked, behold, the
stone was rolled away.”*

Two women, that first Easter morn,
Came to the tomb where Jesus lay
And, whisp’ring each to each for-
lorn,
Said, “ Who shall roll the stone
away ? ”

In love they sought the Master’s
tomb
Their sad sweet services to pay ;
Their hearts like the yet darkling
gloom,
For who would roll the stone
away ?

They came to find their fears were
vain,
And all their darkness changed
to day ;
Like sunshine that dissolves the
rain,
They found the stone was rolled
away !

O God, who knowest all our care,
When darkness lowers and skies
are gray,
How oft our faithless hearts declare
None, none can roll our stone
away !

We lift lame hands of doubting
prayer ;
We would, but oftentimes cannot,
say—
Our faith in God can ALL things
dare,
For He will roll the stone away.

We need, O Lord, Thine Easter
 joy,
 For doubts new dangers round us
 lay
 And evil would our peace destroy—
 Roll Thou, O Lord, this stone
 away !

We need, O Lord, Thine Easter
 hope—
 So dark the night before the
 day !
 Blindly amid the tombs we grope:
 Take Thou th' offending stone
 away !

Then, give us, Lord, a Faith new
 ris'n,
 And may it be our strength and
 stay ;
 Break Thou the doubts that seal our
 prison
 And roll its heavy stone away !

And give us more of Faith and
Love;
More Hope, that when to Thee
we pray,
Like clouds that break, the doubts
will move,
And mist and darkness roll away.

AMEN.

HARVEST HYMN.

ONCE again in God's own temple
gather we our God to praise,
Making melody to Him to Whom
our thankful hearts we raise ;
Once again the Lord of Harvest
spreads upon Earth's burden'd
floor
All the plentiful providing of the
generous golden store.

Now the mellow corn is ripened ;
now the mellow moon again
Smiles upon the peaceful acres rust-
ling rich with golden grain ;
God has giv'n—and we, His child-
dren, for whose need He spread
His store,
Thankful-hearted gather here to
thank Him and His praise out-
pour.

For *He* grants us all our blessings,
and He gives us all our gain ;
His the will that sends the sunshine,
His the word that wills the rain ;
All our joys and all our sorrows are
by bidding of *His* word,
Lord of Nature, whose command-
ing, rain and sun alike have
heard.

And our life is like the growing of
the grasses in the field
God has sown : His dews have
watered : and His warmth the
blade reveal'd ;
Strengthened by God's rain of sor-
row, warmed by joys like sun-
light steeping,
Till we stand, like corn full-shocked
and ready for our final reaping.

May we learn our lesson duly ; may
we see Thy giving Hand

Father ! when the sun shines o'er
us ; Father ! when the rains
descend ;

May we find in weal or woe the
blessing for our ripening best ;
May we daily seek Thy grace—and
trust Thee, Father, for the rest !

And be always thankful-hearted—
may we ne'er forget to say
' God be thanked for these His mer-
cies—for our daily bread to-
day ! '

Thus while prayer and praise shall
daily to Thy throne like incense
come,

Make us meet for Thine own reap-
ing, ripe against Thy Harvest
Home. AMEN.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

November 1st.

ALL Saints! God's holy ones who
sleep
And wait His final call—
In all the year the Church doth
keep
What sweeter festival?

We think of those we loved and
lost
Who "loved and lost awhile,"
Who counted not, for Christ, the
cost
Of all their earthly toil;

The nameless noble souls on earth
Who lived with single aim

Nor dream'd at all their simple
worth
Could ere be counted fame ;

Not theirs the praise the human
meed
Of service meetly done ;
Their motive sole, a brother's need ;
Their praise, their conscience
crown.

Yet one Day in Life's Book their
name
Shall every eye behold ;
And one Day God to all proclaim
Their service manifold ;

Their silent sacrifice shall shine
And Jesus' words shall be,
'What things ye did for these of
Mine
These things ye did for Me.'

Sure none so poor but in the past
Some sacred treasure holds ;
Such love, such reverence grappled
fast
In memory's silent folds ?

Thus, then, when Autumn leaves
are shed,
When all the earth is sere
Our Church the memory of our
dead
Keeps at her closing year ;

So too, lest any heart there be
That in Christ's service faints,
We thank our God and bow the
knee
In memory of ' All Saints.'

HOLY BAPTISM.

*“ We give Thee but Thine own
 Whate’er the gift may be
 All that we have is Thine alone
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee.”*

INTO Thine arms, O Lord,
 This little child we give,
 Relying on Thy gracious word,
 Thy blessing to receive.

May she in all her years
 Thy gracious promise prove,
 And, in a world of joys and fears,
 Rest surely in Thy love.

Give her, O Lord, Thy grace ;
 Accept her for Thine own,
 That living, she may seek Thy Face
 And dying find Thy Throne.

AMEN.

A PRAYER.

WHEN the heart sinks in undefined
care ;

When the poor spirit fails—no
comfort near,

When scarcely e'en the lips can
frame a pray'r

My Father ! hear

And spare !

When fronting now the soul, like
ghosts that glare,

Mem'ries of sins forgotten rise
so clear,

When my poor heart the burden
cannot bear

My Saviour ! spare

And hear !

And sometimes—when the helpless
thought is here

So foul the temple of my heart
laid bare,

Nothing can cleanse ; pain, loss nor
hopeless tear

O Holy Spirit !

Spare !

AMEN.

VESPER HYMN.

FATHER! when the gathering dark-
ness, creeping
Silent broods upon the land and
sea,
Thankful we commit us to Thy
keeping :
Thou hast blest us waking, guard us
sleeping,
From all sin, all peril, make us
free.
Holy Spirit! Comfort Thou the
lonely :
Cleanse our hearts from insin-
cerity :
Pardoned so, through Jesu's merits
only
May we rest in peace, forgiv'n
by Thee !

AMEN.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

For what we now receive
To Thee, O Lord, we raise,
Who dost in love our wants relieve,
Our thankfulness and praise.

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

For what we have received
To Thee, O Lord we raise,
Who hast in love our wants relieved,
Our thankfulness and praise.

GRACE.

POUR tous les grand bienfaits,
Pour Votre amour, Seigneur,
Dieu ! Qui le pain nous as donné
Nous chantons Votre honneur !

A FUNERAL MARCH.

SOLEMN-low are the tones of woe
that tell of the soldier whose
life is gone ;
Sadlier clear is the march I hear
for the lives that are dead while
life lasts on ;
Hopes so golden in time now old-
en and here not a gleam of the
sun that shone !

Barren instead with its blossoms
shed is the life that dawned with
its promise high,
Blossoms blown o'er the garden
strown while fruitless the tree to
the eager eye ;
And dead is the promise of youth
and sped ! and what can we give
but a tearless sigh ?

In his beauty rare like an answered
prayer, he bloomed at his birth
for his parents' pride ;
Was it theirs the blame for the
growing shame when the untam-
ed tree flung its branches wide,
That the deadliest snare was the
face too fair of the prodigal rang-
ing from Virtue's side ?

He has sunk so deep in the death-
like sleep that is death to the
holier hopes of yore—
Is he never to wake for the sweet
sweet sake of the Love that would
lift him to Life once more ?
He lives—but his life is no longer a
strife 'twixt darkness and Light
on this poor earth's floor.

Let the soul-bells toll for the earth-
bound soul that in sins is dead
while he lives on earth,

Let the organ sound in the aisles
around of my Spirit Church
stretching 'twixt Death and
Birth—

Is he God-forsaken whom nought
can waken from Circe-spells of a
low unworth?

Solemn-low are the tones of woe
that tell of the toiler whose work
is done :

Sadder to hear is the death march
drear for the life that is dead
while life lasts on !

Hopes once golden in time so olden
—now never a gleam of the sun
that shone !

S. PAUL.

(A FRAGMENT).

PAUL of Tarsus, Saul the Pharisee,
 persecutor with flaming sword,
 Crucifier of Christ Himself in every
 soul that had called Him Lord,
 I so bitter in foolish spirit—I so
 lifted in petulant pride—
 Lift to Christ hands once so piti-
 less, pardon plead of my Lord
 denied.

All entreating I summon to Christ
 who once were far but are now
 brought nigher,
 Once so proud, I Paul the preacher
 would give my soul for my heart's
 desire,

Heavy at heart for the chosen Israel
that will not come to the Christ
who saves,
Joying yet for the far off Gentiles
that now are freemen who once
were slaves ;

Israel clinging to Law fulfilled—the
Law which condemned but
which never could save—
Stubborn to worship the form out-
worn, and stubborn to serve like
a spiritless slave,
Israel dead since the quickening
spirit, like vital spark, from the
Law is fled,
Nought but the Law for Israel's
pride ! and Israel dead, for the
Law is dead !

But Christ is free for a world He
lived for, free for a world for
which He died ;

Law was narrow for errant foot-
steps, life in Christ as the world
is wide ;

Law was hard where the feet had
faltered—Jesus Christ would the
sinner save—

God so loved that His sole-begotten
Jesus Christ for the world He
gave.

Life nor death nor powers of hell,
nor present things nor the things
to be

Ever can sever the love of Christ
from the sinner for whom He
died on the tree :

God, who spared not His only Son,
but gave of Himself for the love
of man

Promises life for the Christian strife
and a glorious crown for an earn-
est span.

Christ is the Power that works in
lives that looking reach to a
higher life,
And life is a battle 'twixt grace and
sin, the stronger and strong in
ceaseless strife;
Spirit and flesh in endless combat,
sin's rebellion in men so meek !
Men ! be men and be strong for
Christ, and Christ shall strengthen
the spirits weak.

Who would care for the colourless
span that knew no struggle nor
pain nor tears ?
Who would care for a triumph
given where never a victory
crowned our fears ?
Life Eternal be God's own gift
thro' Jesus Christ for the earnest
man,
Life eternal no rich reward for an
easeful life nor an idle span !

O the goodness of our great Giver, O
the gift that the Christ has given !
His are we who have put on Christ,
and ours is the grace from Him
derived ;

He our Head, we all His Body,
members standing side by side,
Branches each of the living Vine
transmitting grace in a constant
tide ;

Members, all of us linked together,
each his share in a common weal,
One may suffer and all shall suffer,
sins of the one man all must feel ;
Here a prophet and there a teacher,
gifts diverse upon each bestowed,
Each and all with a several life en-
riched from the one great Source
that flowed.

Prophet, teacher, apostle, healer,
gifts so great in a world so wide,

Greater a gift the humblest member
can show of a Faith that nought
can hide,
Tongues of men and of angels,
only a tinkling cymbal or sonorous
brass,
Love remains as the sign of Jesus,
and love shall linger when all
things pass.

Prophet, mysteries all explaining ;
filled with faith that can hills
remove ;
All is nought and is nought availing,
nought for me if I have not love ;
All my goods in charity giving,
loveless charity cold in pride,
Nought availeth if Love be absent,
for Love Divine can alone abide.

Faith must die when the mystery
hidden the heavens shall open to
reverent sight—

Hope on the wings of the Dawn shall
 cease when crossing to Heaven on
 the Bridge of Light—

Hope, Faith, Love, in a blended
 harmony reaching the throne of
 God above

All resolved in the common chord
 whose name is an everliving
 Love.

* * * * *

DARKNESS TO DAWN.

A DREAM.

THERE are thoughts of the visions
of night, as I stand in the valley
of sleep,
And a light gilds the summits above
me, and I wind ever upward the
steep.

And the things that I see are so
real, they surely might be what
they seem,
Tho' my work-a-day world is all
changed—all transfigured, per-
haps?—in my dream.

In my dream—a strong man toiling
upward, smitten, scourged with
unmerited pain ;

His spirit *not* soured by the anguish,
the message of suffering *not* vain ;
He can hear the still voice of his
God, and he tries the high sum-
mit to gain.

In my dreaming I see where a
woman, so young and so tender,
forlorn,
Is wearily breasting the way leading
up from the night to the morn,
Betrayed by her trust in her lover—
left alone to the world and its scorn.

Yet her eye glows with utter for-
giveness, like the gleam of a
beautiful star ;
No thoughts but are prayers for her
lover, that God will forgive him
and spare ;
Not a thought of *his* sin—only *hers*,
her forgiveness alone and *her*
prayer !

And the lover, too, far down the
valley, remorseful in anguish and
dread—

“O God! *I* have sinned; *she* has
suffered; let the punishment lie
on my head;

Her suffering soul is not guilty; be
mine all the anguish instead.”

Did I dream that I saw *his* forgive-
ness thro’ the prayers of his far-
away love?

He had lain in darkness, but, con-
trite, was rising with wings of a
dove:

Did not love, once so sinful, now
selfless, reach the summit, for-
given, above?

In my dream, on a path rising
steeper and steeper to sun-crested
height

There a patriot dreamer is pressing,
 with his face fronting bold to the
 light,
 And the faith flashing forth from
 his eyes is like torch in the dark-
 ness of night.

In my dream I pressed on with the
 rest, for I longed from the sum-
 mit to view
 All the wonderful hills of the
 earth ; all her fields ever varied
 in hue.
 And hope ever lightened the labour
 as higher and nearer I drew.

But I waked—in my dream—on
 the summit, in the glow of the
 glorious day,
 The night had departed—and sleep
 time.—All the dreams, too, had
they passed away ?

Ah, God, no ! for I waked on the
summit, and I looked for the
valley beneath ;
All was gone, *save the dreams* ; was
it heaven ? had I passed thro' the
shadow of death ?

LINES TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER

BORN ON GOOD FRIDAY

THERE never were flowers in all the
hours like the tender blossoms
that come in Spring,

Opening eyes with a sweet surprise
to hear of the happiness that they
bring,

When the fields are bare of the
flowers fair till the rathe prim-
rose 'neath the hedgerow green

Or the violet blue like a token true
of a love that would hide and
would yet be seen.

For Earth has been keeping her
Sabbath, sleeping while Winter
brooded o'er field and wold,

And the snows around and the frozen
ground seemed speaking of
life grown hard and old
Till the spring flowers rose after
cold and snows like a soul abreak-
ing from Nature's prison
Amid Nature's dearth telling Na-
ture's birth and a message of life
out of death arisen.

There never was peace like the
sweet release when the strifes of
our battling days are done,
And the heart at rest after honour's
quest can whisper peace when
the victory's won ;
There never was joy with so little
alloy as the joy that comes like
the Springtide flowers
When our hopes are old and the
world is cold and a cloud like a
pall on the spirit lowers.

Like a blossom fair in the sweet
spring air a faëry flower to us
was given,

She arose at her birth like the flower
from Earth but her soul and her
beauty came forth from Heaven,
On the sacredest day she came to
say 'God sent me to you for a
Heavenly sign,

And I come from above to speak of
His love and to be in your lives
like the sweet sunshine.'

TO MY TWO BAIRNIES.

MAISIE mine ! Maisie mine ! that
blossomed in the springing
Coming with the peeping snow-
drop, with the birdies singing,
Filling full a father's heart, half
with rapture crazy,
Light above ! brightest love, fairy
little Maisie !

Baby Jean ! baby Jean ! round like
apple rosy,
Warm and wise—dancing eyes—
sweet as summer posy,
Here I sing like a king, praises of
my queenie,
Dark and mischievous and dear—
bonny baby Jeanie !

Maisie fair and baby Jean—how
much do I love you?

Blessings rare on my pair from the
Heaven above you!

Poor, yet rich am I—you are half
my human treasure

And the worth of this my wealth
the world can never measure.

GREETING.

September 27th, 1893.

“MANY happy returns,” my dear
father this day !
I hope that the years as they rattle
away,
Tho’ they furrow the forehead and
turn the hair grey,
May find your heart younger and
younger each day,
Your spirit more hopeful, no trace
of decay
In that part of yourself which will
not pass away !
God grants us the blessings for
which we will pray ;
And He grants them so wisely, that,
doubt as we may,

The heart that will trust Him, and
earnestly say—

‘He’s my Father, my Master, my
Light and my Stay’

Need ne’er on life’s footway or fal-
ter or stray.

TO MY FATHER.

September 27th, 1897.

WE'RE growing old, dad, you and I
 I've crossed this life's meridian
 line
And less than thirty years ago
 You were quite young—and I
 was nine!

And mem'ry brings me back again
 Those years that have for ever
 fled ;
But 'tis a pleasure, not a pain
 To think of happy days since sped.

Just at this season of the year,
 The leaves half-fall'n, the trees
 half-bare,

From our front window, we could
peer
Across the fields and hedges
there—

And mem'ry finds her treasure-trove,
Mother would bring me—'twas
our rule
To watch you turn down Dulwich
grove
After you'd started for the school.

And later, when to school we walked,
Across the fields and by the
'Plough,'
You strode — I trotted — and we
talked—
Is Constable's old farm there
now ?

And then it seemed more strenuous
came
The Dulwich days : and you for
me

Built high fond hopes of future
fame

Your pride my life success to see.

And still those days *are* happy days
And sweet their mem'ry I main-
tain.

God's blessing's still o'er all His
ways

Life should be sweetness, more
than pain.

We're growing older you and I

But as we old and older grow

It's not the years that hurry by

That make us older—that I
know!

It's not so much the years that speed

That age us—nor the crosses
met,

So we can hold this conscious creed

By which our living course we
set :

That far above our strifes and
pains—

Tho' great so good, tho' far so
near—

A guarding guiding Spirit reigns
And you and I to Him are
dear ;

That fatherly all nature moves
In spite of failure, stay or flaw ;
Not forced thro' blind irrational
grooves
But ruled by Love whose name
is Law.

A SILVER WEDDING.

January 2nd, 1897.

IN five and twenty years
The hopes and joys, the cares and
sometimes fears
Which hearts, no longer twain but
one, have shared
Have doubled all the love and life
so spared ;
And each to each Time only more
endears
In five and twenty years.

This five and twentieth year
The wedded harmonies will ring
more clear
Since, by the side of husband and
of wife

The children stand—fruitage of
newer life—
Making God's love more surely to
appear
 This five and twentieth year.

 Thus then, this silver year
To husband and to wife I offer here
Friendship's poor verse, that yet en-
shrines a prayer :—
May God, if so He will, a gift
more rare
Grant to the husband, wife, and
children dear,
That first on earth, and then in
Heaven, they share
 A gladsome Golden Year !

GOODBYE !

Rev. Morton Drummond, Rector of
Wanstead, fell asleep March 23rd, 1898.

“ Like a tired child falling asleep.”

TIRED, Rector ? Then I'll bid you
now ‘ Goodnight,’

I have my journey, so my leave
am taking ;

May you have quiet rest and sleep,
till bright

Shines the warm sun upon your
morrow's waking !

Rector, dear friend, beside your bed
I stand

Where you are sleeping, freed
from care and sorrow,

Some day, please God ! I hope to
clasp your hand

And bid you, Rector, as of old
‘ Good morrow ! ’

IN MEMORIAM.

J. N. T.

FRANK fearless one, who liv'st im-
 mortal yet
 Here, in lorn hearts whose love
 not death can sever,
 Thy form, now hidden since thy
 life's sun set,
 God's sunrise shines on in the
 great 'for ever' ;
 In husband, father, friend, in thy
 brief span
 God showed his chiefest creature—
 the true *man*.

IN MEMORIAM.

G. D.

WHAT doth the Lord our God re-
quire?

A faith that grows not dim ;
To justly deal and mercy feel
And humbly walk with Him.

True-hearted ! taken to God's rest,
Thy duty's guerdon won,
We almost hear the welcome clear
" Servant of God, well done ! "

AN EPITAPH.

A LOVING wife, a mother true and
kind—

Sacred the memories she leaves
behind ;

Here in its narrow bed, her body
sleeping—

Her soul above in God's own
glorious keeping.

TWO ASPECTS.

DAPPLED with shadow in dazzling
sunlight
Brawls and eddies the shaded
pool ;
And the hill stream hiding in brack-
en cover
Laughs as it offers its tribute
cool ;
While the dash of the spray
With a splash seems to say
'My heart's light to-day,
Love, hope, laughter a-play
And the year in its May !'

Cold and dull in an unlit shadow
Tosses the pool in a restless
sleep ;

And sullenly flooding adown the
hillside

Darkling in anger the waters
leap.

While the gloom and the grey

Of a sunless day

Chase life's hope away :

Life's a dull weary fray—

It's a poor earth to-day !

THE FOOL OF A KING.

AMIDST his courtiers when the
feast was o'er
Seeking new sport to ease his
careless care
The wanton King called to his fool,
and swore—
“By God, thy mummer's wits
are worn threadbare ;

Thy jests no longer please—are
grown too dull,
And if to punish thee we would
forbear
Tax thy mad brains some new de-
light to cull,
Down on thy knees ! blaspheme
—or pray—a prayer !”

The courtiers laughed—the fool
thus to the King ;—

“Tis from within or when I jest
or pray ;

The natural water bubbles from the
spring

And e'en thy jest of prayer I
will obey.”

Then kneeling down upon a page's
stool

With reverent eyes hooded by
motley wear

Before the ribald mocking court, the
fool

Lifted from man to God a jester's
prayer.

“Thou King of Kings before
Whose throne above

No fool can stand or foolish jest-
ings dare,

This monarch's fool claims Thine
all-knowing love
And asks Thee to receive a jester's
prayer.

The painted smile, the motley garb
I bear
Proclaim my place a monarch's
sport and tool ;
'Tis *not* the heart, but this poor
dress I wear
Fits me to pray : 'have mercy
on a fool !'

They are no fools, who, flushed in
human pride
Mock at their Maker and His
laws defy ;
Who, wise, can men enslave, their
rights deride,
And hear unmoved a widow'd,
orphaned cry.

Those are not fools, who whether
Kings or slaves
Judge all men fools if Folly's
weeds they wear,

Those are not fools who claim the
Love that saves
Yet when the fool petitions, mock
his prayer.

Not *be* the fool, who, whether King
or lord

Covets with passions that he will
not school

And steals the lamb fed by the poor
man's board ;

He, sure, is wise : Lord ! *pity*
Thou the fool !

But Lord, Who know'st each heart's
own bitterness

And seest here the knave and
there the tool,

Though *wise* men think they need
Thee not to bless
Lord be thou merciful to me, a
fool !

I am the fool—the jester for the
wise—
For me nor wealth nor honours
men afford,
I ask them not, but humbly lift mine
eyes
And pray, be merciful to me, O
Lord !”

The court was silenced, while with
bended head
The monarch rose and sought the
courtyard cool
And smote upon his breast and
prayed and said
“ Lord be Thou merciful to *me*,
a fool.”

WM. EWART GLADSTONE.

Born December 29th, 1809.

Died Ascension Day, May 19th, 1898.

SOMETIMES, when Autumn fails, we
 meet a day,
 That like a laggard loiterer of the
 Spring
 Renews the promise that the poets
 sing,
 Recalls the challenge and the joy
 of May.

Sometimes, when skies are dull, there
 comes the time
 When irresistible the sense appears
 Of hidden helpfulness, amidst the
 fears,
 And joyousness of childhood's early
 prime.

The Heaven that opens to the im-
petuous gaze
Of youth, full filled with faith and
quenchless hope,
Ofttimes reveals its glories, when
we grope
Blinder 'mid later life's surrounding
haze.

And so the memory of the old ideal,
Recalled by God, our courage can
sustain ;
For life would die, but that the
soul were fain,
Trust the Faith-promise hid beneath
the Real.

Heroes are they, and never taste of
death,
Who falter not in their high pur-
posing ;
Who still through Winter can re-
call the Spring,

Whose youth and faith last till their
latest breath.

Such is the hero whom we mourn
to-day,
Who kept untarnished his ideals
pure ;
Whose faith in God and man would
still endure,
Who felt it Spring, tho' Winter
skies were grey.

Gladstone ! the constant hero of my
days
From eager boyhood to maturer
years,
I humbly bring the homage of my
tears,
And humbler still, the homage of
my praise.

Death cannot quench the living
words that spring

From lips all eloquent with Free-
dom's fire ;
Lives are eternal when the souls
aspire
To hear the heavenly songs that
angels sing.

Seldom God's workmen have by
prophet grace
Sown seed, alike for past and future
needs,
And lived, as thou, to reap their
golden deeds
And hear a people bless thee to thy
face.

Hushed are the words of civic strife
and heat,
The great heart of the nation beat-
eth true,
And God's great Englishman re-
ceives the due
Of labours nobly planned and ser-
vice meet.

The man may leave us, but the im-
mortal part
Must live and grow as long as earth
shall stay ;
So, Gladstone, by your grave, we
fain would pay
The reverent homage of the thank-
ful heart.

VERSES.

BLEAK, bleak blows the wind to-
night !
Cold, cold are the streets of the
city !
Pitiful sure is the pitiless plight
Of the workless worker pleading
for pity.

Wide, wide thro' the town I roam
Work for my wife and children
pleading,
Little ones crouched in a fireless
home
Bread, bread hungrily needing.

God, God ! shall my dear ones die?
Hope, Hope, is it naught but seem-
ing ;

Love, Faith, are they only a lie
Cheating the soul like idle dream-
ing?

Christ, Christ ! Who camest to
earth—

What but a lowly mother to cher-
ish—

Scarcely a sheltering cot at Thy
birth—

Come to my home ere my little
ones perish !

God, God ! seems so far away !

Christ, Thou art nearer—the poor
man's Brother !

See I stretch out my hands and
pray—

Help, Lord ! I've no helper other !

SPRING.

I WALKED abroad on a bright May
morning
The gladness of life around,
And Nature in colours herself
adorning
Had carpeted all the ground ;

While the birds sang out in a glor-
ious gladness
And the very leaves of the trees
Seemed to sing with a sighing of
rapturous madness
As they played with the passing
breeze ;

And the very hills in a glory were
heaving
Of the sunshine's golden flood ;

And Nature in cunning pride was
weaving
Her garland of leaf and bud.

And I thought—that thus it might
last for ever—
(O fond and foolish heart !)
That the glory of tender Spring
might never
From Nature and Life depart ;

That the skies might be blue in
eternal gladness
That the tender greens might
remain,
That life might be purged of its
age and sadness,
Youth ever renewed again !

Yet Nature teaches her truest les-
son
When Springtime carpets the
sod,

That the year's ever young when
the heart outreaches
In thankfulness up to God ;

That the heart must be humble and
thankful ever,
And in worship and work must
show
The gladness of Spring and man's
endeavour
In the glories of God below :

In the fresh delight of the birds'
sweet singing,
The chorale which nature plays—
A tribute to *work* is Nature bring-
ing
And *work* is her 'hymn of
praise.'

The hills to heave in the sunlight
seeming
In sight of a golden flood—

And the good brown earth with
seed-promise teeming
And the leaf and unfolding bud ;

All show God's work in their glad-
some singing

His work in their wholesome
mirth—

And Nature God's peal of bells is
ringing

Of glory to Him on Earth.

It is hopeful work that is life's great
leaven

And worship its heavenly part ;

And Christ's "of such is the
Kingdom of Heaven "

Might be said of the thankful
heart ;

While we know for God's glory
that whensoever

We work in a Christian joy

Our lives become one glad Spring
ever

As workers in His employ.

May 17th, 1889.

* * * * *

WHY do you lift to me, troubled,
love, eyes that are lost-like,
Filled with a wonderful yearning
for days that are gone ?

What are the thoughts flitting over
your memory ghost-like,
Is it the Past or the Future you're
gazing upon ?

What are you saying, love, wrapt in
your terrible wonder,
When to my lips your dear fore-
head I tenderly press ?

How can I shatter this bar that so
holds us asunder,
Why won't you render me, dar-
ling, caress for caress ?

Croon me again then one song that
you sang long ago, love ;
Whisper a message of tenderness,
sweet, in my ear ;
Speak to me, speak in some tones
that your lover will know, love,
Tell me you love me, and learn
how I worship you, dear !

Speak to me, speak to me ! once
you were bright like the morn-
ing,
Once you were dimpled with
light like the shimmering sea ;
Once as the rarest of jewels my
princess adorning
Beamed all the wealth of your
song and your laughter on me.

Now, almost silent! and hushed is
the song and the laughter—
Tell her, dear God! of my love
(not my anguish) again—
Meet me, ah, meet me, all bright
in a cloudless hereafter!
Will it be sorrow then, darling,
recalling this pain?

August 21st, 1898.

J.

ALWAYS, with heart uplifted, dear-
est dear,
Walk we together, clasping hand
in hand,
Treading a toilsome path, beset with
fear
But *trusting* Him—whatever He
demand.

November 22nd, 1898.

VERSES.

HUSH of a summer silence o'er
us ;
Dreamy magic of moon in
May ;
Fields all sleepily white before us,
Heaven hearkening what we
say !

Earth and Heaven in rhythmic
fashion,
Ring their harmonies soft and
sweet ;
Love marks time with a pulse of
passion,
Your heart answering my heart-
beat.

Hark ! from the thicket with shadows under—

Crested with white in the tender moonlight—

Filling our hearts with a sound of wonder,

Thrills the passionate note of night.

Not quite Heaven in its regal gladness ;

Not all earth with its passion-pain!

Both are blended in Love's sweet madness,

Each is felt in the night bird's strain.

You and I, with the world around us,

All to each as we stand alone,

Need no speech of the love that has bound us,

Find the nightingale's song our own.

While our hearts responding solely
 Echo the gladness of Love's
 young dream,
White world hushed to a concord
 holy
Sleeps enfolded in silver stream.

THE BEACON TOWER.

LORD of our little lives, to Thee we
call

As years roll quickly on and days
decay,

And shadows rising o'er us as a
pall

Teach us that nought continues
in one stay.

(Our frail mortality—from deep to
deep

Glides to eternity like passing
dream ;

Our little lives are rounded with a
sleep,

Our memories fail, like ripples
on the stream.)

While all things mortal pass from
human sight,

While round us washes the eter-
nal sea ;

O God ! amidst the glooming of the
night

We have no beacon but our trust
in Thee.

While link by link our yearly chain
is spent,

While day by day departs beyond
recall,

O may our doubting souls on Thee
be bent,

O may we fix our faith, nor faint-
ing fall.

While from the quiver of our earth-
ly days

Time speeds the hours like arrows
of a sheaf,

When doubts distress us and when
 ills amaze,
 Lord ! we believe, help Thou our
 unbelief !

Ofttimes amid the darkness of the
 night,
 When winds howl fiercely, and
 when storms assail—
Striving to pierce the gloom that
 shrouds the night,
 The stoutest sailor feels his heart
 to fail ;

Driv'n o'er the angry seas, with
 nought to guide,
 A rock-bound coast and many
 shallows near ;
Dark skies depending to the darker
 tide,
 Dangers without—within fore-
 boding fear ;

Till the brave beacon, glorious
through the night
The dangers pointing, flashes
o'er the foam ;
Thankful—the pilot hails the saving
light,
And guides the storm-tost vessel
safely home.

So, in life's voyage, when the storm-
winds strive,
Sorrows will sweep across a
sobbing sea,
Over the soul the shrouding doubts
will drive,
But for our Beacon, Lord, we
look to Thee.

Mysterious Trinity ! Thy triple
ray
Of Faith, Hope, Charity, shine
forth on high,

White beam of faith, blue gleam of
Hope's new day,
And Love's red glow warming a
wintry sky.

Faith that we may believe a
Father's care,
Hope to foresee beams which
will rift the night ;
Love that shall warm these beating
hearts to share
A brother's burdens so to make
them light.

Darkness may baffle—wildered by
the tears
Of sinless suffering some may
doubt Thy power.
Warm Thou their hearts, sustain
them thro' their fears,
Flash forth Thy flood of light
from Beacon Tower !

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